

The Visitors

PARADOX

Now is the time to change our story's tone
Past friends are gone, their story has been told
We enter now a different time
200 years have passed of moments quite sublime
Our story takes flight into a magic realm
History not written but told

Told to our children
Told to our wives
Told at the fireside
All spoken of with pride
Sons follow their fathers their sons follow on
The relic quite forgotten life just carry's on

He village lives its life unaware
Of visitors arriving in the night
They reveal themselves in the shape of men
Though ethereal, translucent, not real, not right

They greet us and say they have a story to tell
A change in your lives will come

Someone is coming to tell you a tale
Of history that took place before you were born
Forget all you've been told that's all in the past
These people will tell you the real truth
The rest is just a myth

A group arrives, not what they expect
A woman riding on an ass dressed up in shabby clothes
Her name is Sarah they are told
A child from a story yet to unfold

The story she talks of is story that goes back in time
She says she's descended from God